



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. V.

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NO. 24

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The greater wisdom is to know thyself.
Fidelity to truth is nobility of character.
Serenity of mind is divine sovereignty.
Truth is an immortal and an eternal thing.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

All perfect things are saddening in effect.—*Ella Wheeler.*

Make golden stairways of your weaknesses.—*Edwin Arnold.*

Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.—*Emerson.*

The garment of purity gives to humanity an angel's grace.

Administering to the sufferings of humanity is worship of God.

Reason and love are embodiments of the Divine in the human.

Sun thyself in the bosom of moral confidence, and be strong.

Naught's had, all's spent where our desire is got without content.

No thralls like them that inward bondage have.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

How beautiful is filial love that reverences parents with protection.

To seem what we are not reacts as it into deserving ruin of our ambition.

Be what thou art, personate only thyself, swim always in the stream of thine own nature.

The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous.—*Mme. de Staël.*

True charity is wise, when necessity demands—encouraging until the unfortunate can stand alone.

Great efforts come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost blind and mate the weaker sort of mind.—*Bacon.*

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely, too much if expended foolishly.—*Bovee.*

Health, beauty, vigor, riches and all other things thought good operate equally as evils to the vicious as they do as benefits to the just.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth; cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth.—*Tennyson.*

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. Man is made great or little by his own will.—*Schiller.*

This mystery of sleep! This greater mystery of waking! If we could fathom them, we should have fathomed ourselves, and life and death!—*Mrs. A. T. Whitney.*

Outward things don't give, they draw out. You find in them what you bring to them. A cathedral makes only the devotional feel devotional. Scenery refines only the fine-minded.—*Charles Buxton.*

All contact leaves its mark. We are taking into ourselves the world about us, the society in which we move, the impress of every sympathetic contact with good or evil, and we carry them with us forever.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—*Phillip Brooks.*

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility. For we can not move a step without learning, feeling the weakness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the rock that is higher than ourselves.

In a Quandry.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I appeal to the readers of your most excellent journal for information, for light upon a few questions which are at present exceedingly dark to me. All mediums tell us that our spirit friends are ever with us, that they (the medium) can see them, can hear them speak, and that written communications may be obtained from them; they also say that if we have patience and sit at home for them they will surely come to us. Now, I have been sitting, sometimes alone, and occasionally with my little seven-year-old son, for nearly four months. I have tried sitting in the dark and in the light, but I have not succeeded in getting even a tiny rap, say nothing of a written or verbal communication.

I love my spirit friends devotedly, and nothing could bring me greater joy than to know, beyond a possibility of doubt, that they really are about me constantly, and that I might hold communion with them in my own home. Can any one tell me why I have failed to receive any token or sign except through a stranger? I have never had but two sittings in my life; both of them were with W. R. Colby, whom I believe to be an earnest and sincere medium. In both instances, the messages received were really wonderful, as Mr. Colby is an entire stranger to me. But what I can not understand is why my spirit friends should write me through an entire stranger, and yet fail to make known their presence in the privacy of my own home.

Another thing that puzzles me is how mediums can place themselves under control at will. I have always been under the impression that a clairvoyant state was involuntary. Will some one kindly enlighten me? Not that I doubt the truth and sincerity of those who profess to be under spirit control, but I would like to understand how it is. I am satisfied that there is much for me to learn before I can come into the full enjoyment of the beautiful light and glorious truths of real Spiritualism. J. E. T. SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28, 1887.

[Our correspondent should bear in mind that while most persons possess mediumistic powers, in only a comparatively few can the power be sufficiently developed to enable its possessor to hold direct communication with their spirit friends. And then our correspondent is evidently too eager for development. Four months! Why, Dr. Rogers, the spirit artist, informed me that he sat patiently and faithfully for about ten years, before his spirit guide could produce the desired result. One of the best lady slate-writers I ever knew sat for two years before she got the writing. Our correspondent must not become discouraged. Give a quiet half hour every evening, regularly, to the spirits, and resolve to stick to it till the end. Keep the mind passive; don't be too anxious; and ever aspire for the best.—Ed. G. G.]

Hon. A. B. Richmond's New Book.

Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Pa., has acquired an enviable reputation throughout the union for his clear and forcible writings, but nothing he ever wrote awakened the interest of the public like his open letter to the Seybert Commission, which was first given to the people through the columns of the *Tribune Republican*. The reception given the letter by the public led Mr. Richmond to delve deeper into the subject than was possible in the limits of a newspaper article, and he has, accordingly prepared a book of some three hundred pages for the press, which will soon appear, as will be seen from the following complimentary notice taken from the Boston (Mass.) *Banner of Light*. The *Banner of Light* says:

"The patrons of the *Banner of Light* have already been made acquainted with the name and, to measurable extent, the mental gifts of the distinguished lawyer above mentioned, through the trenchant

Open Letter addressed by him, in the Autumn of the present year, to the investigating(?) savants of the University of Pennsylvania, and afterward published in our columns.

Mr. Richmond, as we have previously stated, has decided to again endeavor to awaken in the minds of the Seybert Commissioners some realizing sense of their own shortcomings, by and through a new work from his pen—some three hundred pages—to which he has devoted much careful attention and the powers of a mind professionally trained to appreciate the weight of evidence, and the proper and impartial conclusions rightfully to be drawn from any set of facts presented for consideration.

We are sure our readers will be pleased to know that this new book will shortly be issued from the press of Colby & Rich, 9 Bowdoin street, Boston. It can not but prove a powerful arraignment of the one-sided action of the Philadelphia Commissioners regarding Spiritualism, and one that will strongly appeal to those of the general public everywhere who dare to apply reason, unfettered by educational or theological bias, to a consideration of the matter in hand.

P. S.—Notice of the issuance of this new and standard work will be given in due time.

A Bright Letter.

[The following letter, though not intended for the public eye, is so good that we can not resist the inclination to lay it before our readers. The sister good who wrote it will surely pardon us.—Ed. G. G.]

J. J. OWEN—Dear Sir:—Find here with postal order for the renewal of my subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, which expires with the year. The paper is truly golden, and unless the gold becomes dim you may count on me for a subscriber till I am permitted to pass on to the other side. That will not be long, for I am well up in the seventies, and "waiting by the river." Through half the years of my life Spiritualism has been my support and consolation, carrying me through some of the severest trials that can come to a woman's life; and now, in the new view of the change that awaits us all, it is more invaluable than ever before. The dark valley, the roaring billows, the fearful plunge into eternity, with only a possible chance of salvation, these, the teachings of earlier years, are all swept away. And in their stead is the sweet companionship and guidance of the loved ones gone before; the assurance that their home will soon be my home; the knowledge that there is no death, but only a stepping forward into a higher and holier life with all the light and comfort and joy that that knowledge can bring to mortals.

Though the outside world rarely hears from us, yet Spiritualism is moving on in our midst. New mediums are being developed; good ones are sought after and well paid. What Jesse Shepard says of the meager patronage given to that class of persons has no application to this locality. As one instance, a traveling medium from Boston came last Summer to Minneapolis, took rooms outside of the street car lines, and never advertised, yet her career of three or four months as a materializing medium was in all respects a grand success. I am not a medium, nor have I any ax to grind. I simply speak of this to you as it looks to me.

You and Mrs. Owen are doing a good work for humanity. May you have all the help from both sides that your labors merit. Very cordially,

ABRIE J. SPALDING.
CHAMPLIN, Minn., Dec. 20, 1888.

Cheering Words.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I am indeed pleased to renew my subscription to your paper. The paper has no peer in the spiritual field of literature at the present time. Its high, moral tone, the just and equitable manner of dealing with friend and foe, the scholarly and able selections to be found in its pages from week to week make the paper a most desirable and instructive companion for old and young. Enclosed please find \$2.50. Most sincerely yours for truth,

MRS. MARY J. CLARK.
UTICA, LaSalle Co., Ill., Dec. 20, '87.

CHRISTMAS.

A Discourse Delivered by Dr. W. W. McKaig before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Sunday, Dec. 26, 1887.

For several days our city has worn the sylvan appearance of the forest, the multitude seemed to have forgotten the routine of toil, there was a holiday look on every side, and now on the morning breeze come the soft strains of sacred music, and from thousands of blithesome hearts the greeting, "A Merry Christmas." The queen of the festivals has come round again. Of all the feasts and festivals that grace the year none are more welcome and thoroughly enjoyed.

The fitness of the Christmas festival to the season of the year is more noticeable in northern climes than under our softer skies. From time immemorial, the Winter solstice, or shortest day in the year, had been set apart for festive rejoicing, both in Christian and heathen lands. Long before this day was dedicated to the Babe of Bethlehem men had learned at this season of the year to look up to the All-Father as the restorer of the bounties of the seasons, and by various rites and customs recognized the common brotherhood of man. The Saturnalia of the Latin people and the great Yule festival among the barbarous tribes of Northern Europe, while different in details, were founded on the same general ideas and aspirations. These respective festivals were held at the same time, and their exuberant rejoicing undoubtedly had the same meaning, whether observed in polished Rome or in rude villages of Germany and Scandinavia. At this period of the year the sun began to loom up from the snowy sign of Capricorn giving promise of benignant warmth and fruitful seasons. The old Scandinavian name still lingers in the homes of many English-speaking people when they speak of this festive season as Yule-tide, an interesting survival, like the equally ancient Easter now used for Passion Week, of the pagan feasts of our forefathers, which formed the old stocks on which the newer Christian feasts have been grafted.

The annual recurrence of Christmas has become a season of festivity in all civilized lands, but nowhere has it received a more joyful welcome than among English-speaking people. For many generations it was the custom of our ancestors on Christmas eve to trim the houses with various kinds of evergreens, light large wax candles, and roll into the fire-place a huge baglog, called the Yule Log, which was said to mean "the glowing or burning wheel," this being the ancient symbol of the fiery course of the sun in the heavens. The Druidic tradition, that whatever grew upon the oak tree was a gift of heaven made the mistletoe a universal favorite. In the houses of the noble and gentry a "Lord of Misrule" was appointed, a sort of a mirth-making clown or Merry-Andrew, whose reign often extended from All-Hallow-eve to the close of Candlemas Day. In the palace and hovel, down in the bowels of the earth where miners delved in dampness and gloom, and far out on the deep where ships plunged on the waves, Christmas came with shouts, laughter, song, and an infinite variety of merry-making. Society puts on its best clothes and best manners and for the nonce threw work and dull care aside. It was the season of mighty feasting and family gatherings. There was an Italian proverb strolling about in those days: "He has more business than an English oven at Christmas." The festival began by bringing in with frolicsome ceremony the favorite dish, the soured boar's head with an apple or orange in its mouth and trimmed with rosemary, and how the table was heaped with turkey, game, big joints of beef, and haunches of venison flanked with mince pies, mountains of plum pudding, and the seething bowl of punch, has long been familiar in the gustatory tradition. A modern theosophist at the sight of such a table would see a multitude of hideous elements sniffing the odor and be frightened half out of his wits.

It may have been owing to the influence of the clergy who ceased not to remind their flock that Christmas was holy

time, the Sabbath of the year, or that touch of change which comes to all things; at all events it is certain that the old Anglo-Saxon Christmas about forty years ago had nearly gone out of fashion, or at least was noticed with weariness or indifference. Reunions and evergreen decorations in the best society was about all that remained. Dickens' earlier novels partly restored the jovial old season, so much so that one wrote, "Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind man's buffings, such theater-goings, such kissing out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts." But he did more; he breathed into it an accent of the angels' song. "Good will toward men;" the cheery voice of the Christmas carol went ringing from one end of the land to the other, the duty of kindness, forgiveness and charitableness, and that Christmas above all other days in the long calendar of the year should open the heart, and cause every one "to think of people below them as if they were really fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys." The effect of this prose idyl was magical; Jeffrey wrote to the author: "Blessings on your kind heart, you should be happy yourself, for you may be sure you have done more good by this little publication, fostered more kindly feeling, and prompted more positive acts of beneficence, than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals in Christendom since Christmas 1842." This language may be a little excessive, but there is no doubt that the good feeling which blossomed into unusual beauty about this season of the year in households began to shed its fragrance over a wider circle. It became fashionable to remember the poor, the blind, the crippled, ragged children in the street, the sick in the hospitals, the withered waifs of the orphan asylum, and even the bad men in the jails, gladdening their hearts with good cheer. Next to the death of little Nell Dickens perhaps never delineated a more sweet and tender character than dear old "Tiny Tim" going around saying to every one, "God bless us, every one."

It is noticeable that the hilarious feature of the Dickens influence has very rarely spent its force, that there are agencies at work that may make the Anglo-Saxon Christmas a thing of memory. The age of the mighty-eating Christmas has certainly past. While the spirit of kindness and good will flourishes, the immense joints of beef, haunches of venison, monstrous wreaths of sausages, headcheese and potpies which delighted the senses of a former generation, would now, instead of stimulating the appetite, sicken and disgust. Hygiene, chemistry, and the fashion for French cooking have come in, and the fascinating necromancy of the culinary art that Miss Corson and others have been talking about, have quite banished the lusty indulgence of the table. Gluttony has gone off to keep company with drunkenness and other deadly sins. Even festive reunions have felt the withering breath of change. They are not so common, so generally observed, so anxiously expected as in former times. When the sons and daughters and relatives were grouped in the same neighborhood, the sense of kinship was kept warm and ebullient by frequent visits and interchanges, and Christmas became the great family day of the year, when all the members of the class gathered under one roof-tree. But our modern ways of steam traveling have so widely scattered families, that this has become impracticable, and what is still more painful, these wide dispersions tend to weaken the ties of relationship. Brothers and sisters become as strangers, and the filial consciousness is numbed. Already the patriarchal household with its rosy memories, and the family burying ground with its sad, sweet associations have gone away and become poetry and tradition.

The houses are still trimmed in evergreens, the mistletoe hangs over the door, and the table has its attractions, but the great charm of the season largely centers in gift-making, when everybody is expected to remember everybody, the children coming in for the lion's share. Our holiday stores have popularized Christmas in a way that Dickens little dreamed. The volume of business in things pertaining to the sentiment in the popular heart has widened to such an extent as to influence all branches of trade at this season of the

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Word Building.

BY ABRAHAM L. HOLTON.

On attending one of Mr. Colville's Metaphysical lectures, a few days ago, I purchased of that estimable woman, Mrs. Moore, who ought to be pensioned by the good Spiritualists of San Francisco for so faithfully and persistently trying to introduce spiritual literature among the masses, Prentice Mulford's White Cross tract on "Co-operation of Thought," and on my way home I commenced its perusal.

It awakened a new train of thought and a desire that I might become one of the spirits, in this life, to join in the daily circle at 6 of the clock, to ask for peace and love to rest in all hearts, and comfort and prosperity to hover over all homes; and, as I pondered, the bells began to ring, the whistles to blow, and I recognized that it was nearing 6 o'clock. I strove mentally to formulate a deep, earnest prayer, and let it ascend silently toward the unseen and unknowable, but I was in a daze; I could not think, I had no power to put on idea into a petition; my feelings were unutterable. As I strove to collect my thoughts, I saw, in the dim light of the hurrying train, a beautiful angel, and above the din and noise around me I heard a sweet voice chanting, "Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Leave us not in temptation and deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power for ever and ever. Amen."

As the melody died away, the same voice said: "That means homes for the homeless, love for the loveless, food for the starving, and clothes for the naked. Jesus was a great word builder, and if you want to bless all the world in spirit and in word, 'you can find none so truly true.'"

As the voice ceased I became conscious that I was surrounded by many people, but a moment's reflection informed me I was the only one that had seen the vision or heard that sweet prayer. Since that day, at home or abroad, at work or play, (I believe everybody ought to have their hour of play be they old or young,) I never forget, at the close of day, to say, "Our Father," etc. And the holy thoughts that are thrown upon my mental horizon have been so strengthening and helpful, I have said, "I must write to the GOLDEN GATE and ask its dear readers to join the circle at 6 P. M., and our united aspirations ascending to the beautiful heaven of truth, will call the loving and loved ones to help bring 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace, love, charity and happiness to earth.'"

A prayer may be never uttered by the human voice, so it is not necessary to be alone. One can enter a closet or go upon a mountain to pray, in the counting-room, work-shop, or amid the din of travel, or in the home circle attending to duties that are necessities, the closet or mountain is entering into one's innermost thought, concentrating their whole mind, for a few moments, on holy aspirations, and thereby blessing all mankind.

I have observed that the wording of the formula is changed to "Leave" instead of "Lead," as in our King James' translation, and I feel it is very appropriate to ask a parent to not leave us in temptation, for we know that a true friend or guardian never leads any one into temptation. But to each soul there must be their own inspiration to be effectual, and we write this only as we would plant a bulb that gave promise of beautiful flowers, hoping it will be a help and a comfort to many, and a dictation to none.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 14, 1887.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Capital.

If a nation, like an individual, could draw lessons from the past and profit thereby, the past history of slavery in our country certainly teaches a lesson that ere it were too late we should take warning therefrom. Had law-holders been content with the Mason and Dixon line, and made no attempt to enforce the institution into our free territories, it might have been in existence yet. But avarice, the propelling motive of the institution, knew no bounds, and hurried its advocates on to bleeding Kansas, and the firing upon Fort Sumter, culminating in its downfall. Capital has taken the place of slavery; its motive power is the same, viz.: unsatiated avarice. Capital is sapping the foundations of our Democratic institutions. There is nothing that capital, prompted by avaricious greed, will not dare and attempt to carry out its own ends. It dare, and does corrupt our legislative halls. Judges and courts, alas, are far from beyond its power, and when they are unapproachable the purse of the wealthy criminal is generally supposed to be sufficient to reach the jury. The necessities of the poor voting artisan and laborer are taken advantage of, and the votes of the degraded citizen are capital stock for the scheming politician, who are often nothing more than despicable tools of some rich syndicate. In short, our whole democratic system seems to be

vulnerable to the attacks of capital, and what is there that capital will not dare? We see attempts made to make corners on the world's food—to raise the price of bread when the poor, by thousands, are tramping the streets, urging their claims for bread or labor. Syndicates are formed and prompted by avaricious greed to draw into their octopus tentacles the proceeds of honest labor, of which they produce no portion and convert it to their own aggrandizement.

I am not a pessimist, but on the contrary an optimist, and believe that in time our social systems will, from sheer necessity, be changed, so that the products of labor will inure to the producers thereof. It is to the manner in which this change may be arrived at that should concern us. Let us go back less than three decades and realize that then capital was powerless to assail our institutions, and then reflect what it dare attempt and perpetrate now, and there is certainly just grounds for serious contemplation of possible results. The laborers of our nation will never stand being crowded to the wall like those of other countries. Their sense of lost liberties and their own powers would lead them to revolt, even at the expense of all existing institutions. There are many guide-boards that point to the proper way of remedying existing evils, the most prominent of which are where operatives in factories owned by men of soul and conscience, allow their operatives the chance of purchasing shares of stock and thereby make their interests one and indivisible. I wish I had a list of these men. They should be held up to the world as beacon lights, pointing to a haven of security and happiness. Such plans would lead to general co-operation, the only method of compromise between capital and labor. Progress and evolution, I believe, are inherent principles in nature, and perhaps in ethics, yet it behooves us in uncertainty to watch the signs of the times, to see if we can not derive benefit therefrom. If a reconstruction of society can only be brought about through another civil war, happy will be the generation or individuals who escape its dreadful strife.

A. L.

[Our correspondent should have given the other side of the question, and told us some of the good things that capital has done and is doing for humanity. He should have referred to Peabody, Girard, Lick, Stanford, and many others, whose wealth has gone, or is going, to bless the world. While capital has many sins to answer for, without it all great enterprises—railroads, steamships, telegraphs, colleges, etc., would be impossible.—Ed. G. G.]

This World.

[M. J. Savage.]

The revivalists hold that this life is insignificant, and that devotion to it is delusive and dangerous. The logic of their system still sings:—

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given."

This life is to be sacrificed to the next. The voice is constantly uplifted against "worldliness." The "one thing" to be done is to be sure that your own soul is saved—"make your calling and election sure"—and then to do all you can to make sure the saving of the souls of others. The practical outcome of all this order of things is to make hell very full of victims of the devil's successful cunning and of God's wrath, and to make heaven a place where a selected few perpetually thank God and sing his praises, because he chose to illustrate his grace and mercy by saving them from the horrible fate that has overtaken the most of their friends and neighbors. The old monasticism, when it fled from practical life, and refused to have anything to do with home and marriage and the bringing of children into the midst of so dangerous a world, was the only consistent outcome of this theory. The universe is a horrible engine for the production and torture of souls.

We hold that this world is the best one we know anything about; that we are to make the most and best of it while in it. So we believe in science and civilization, and we believe in invention and improvement, and art and learning, and the development of all the divinely-ordained possibilities of this world-life of ours. We hold that there is a most intimate relation between the moral and religious condition and external environment. We see that ignorance, and lack of sanitary regulations, and filthy tenements, and the relations of the laborer to his work, and ten thousand other outside things, produce and accompany conditions of morals and religion. So we believe we help on salvation in the most speedy way possible when we help on civilization. Many inventors have done more for the souls of men than many of the world's preachers.

WEALTH can not confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.

THERE is nothing purer, nothing warmer, than our first friendship, our first love, our first striving after truth, our first feeling for nature.—Jean Paul Richter.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

What is Spiritualism?

BY A. F. MURCHES.

Spiritualism is a science and a philosophy, or a religion, either, if philosophic reasoning in conjunction with morality constitutes the latter. But religion, or that which man embraces as his spiritual educator, is too limited, too confined by dogmas and sectarianism, to be compared with the philosophy of Spiritualism in its broad sense. The latter knows of no confines, in either its moral teachings or principles that may arise from them, and therefore untrammelled by any set doctrine or code of beliefs. Outsiders may regard this as an unfavorable indication of its stability, or a bar to its progress as a cause, but if they knew of the influx of new truths that is constantly being added to its code of light, they would see how utterly impossible such a proceeding would be, if attempted. Spiritualism is therefore not a religion in a worldly sense, but may be adopted as such individually, and even practiced in conjunction with one's favorite religious belief, without detriment to either. Being broad, liberal, unconfined and universal in its views and teachings, it adapts itself to all circumstances, all minds, and even embellishes all that with which it comes in contact.

However high or elevating the religions or spiritual teachings of the past, Spiritualism can always exhibit something to supersede it. And as such an educator of humanity, it would be an unparadise act on the part of man to hem it in, or materialize it, as it were, by any doctrinal code, however transcendental in the offset. Thus Spiritualism as a philosophy, must be left to nature's care, and be permitted to unfold itself as its underlying cause dictates—whether an impulse from God directly, or of the spirit world surrounding this planet. If from God, Spiritualism is truly a cause, being part, or an emanation from the original cause of existence, and as such is destined to live, expand and ripen into an effect as never before witnessed on the face of this planet. As well as man is indestructible in consequence of being an impulse of the divinity, Spiritualism must be likewise indestructible, and as such is unimpeachable by those existing outside of it. Those within can not affect it without affecting themselves most, and those without can not reach it, or touch it. And once within its influence man becomes a part of the cause which governs it, and is himself governed by the spirit world which constitutes the medium of co-operation between God and man. And having the spiritual government of the planet in their possession, all advanced thoughts and new truths must come through its channel, and which, of course, falls into the lap of Spiritualism because the mediums for their transmission dwell exclusively in its ranks.

To take this government into our own hands therefore, and limit the present light to a creed—provided such a thing were yet possible—we would either shut out further light or come to a standstill, and leave to the non-conformists the field of progress and universal Spiritualism, or the only true and original ism of this order—the word itself expressing a spiritual philosophy, or one governed and directed by spirits themselves. Thus to make it a religion or a creedism would be robbing it of its spirituality, and, of course, of its freedom of thought. In its present state, the latter is one of its predominant features, and makes it wide-world and interesting—every nationality and half-way civilized race, without regard to religious belief taking part in its phenomena and teachings, or its science or philosophy. The former constitutes its practical communion with the spirit world itself, or its tangible intercourse with the spirits comprising the same. With this are connected an array of manifestations (miracles, as they were termed in the past), which not only prove the existence of spirits and the soul's immortality, but unfolds truths that no material science could ever hope of laying before the world. Where material science terminates, spiritual science begins, or continues to unravel the hidden mysteries of the universe, and where material science ends by force of circumstances, spiritual science unfolds its alphabet to mortal view. This begins with the death of man, but the first lesson teaches that there is no death of soul, and that we live in spirit with as much animation, activity and consciousness as when in mortal or material life.

The finale of the first lesson also brings us the joyful tidings that our beloved and supposed dead still live, and are but awaiting an opportunity to prove this fact to our mental and material vision, by both intelligent and material or tangible facts. Such is the introduction with which all investigators are regaled, and who would retreat after having tasted this much of its soul-stilling food? Deep felt gratitude and reverence is the silent response of the majority, and which is often mistaken by the outside world as a state of non compos mentis. But this is only a preface to its further unfoldment. Light! light! light! constitutes the entire index, and every lesson following the first is replete with astounding revelations not dreamt of in any other of man's philosophies. Where the nebular hypothesis begins, the spiritual science ends materially, but from thence returns, and teaches of that which

exists previous to it; how the material was formed, which was needed to make it visible, and how the elements were manipulated in the construction thereof; how life was created and the primitive condition of the same; how man came into existence, and the first manifestation of intelligence as exercised by man; how he is constructed as a self-existent life entity; the nature of life, spirit, intelligence, God; and last, but not least, the order of creation from its beginning to its destiny; the aim and future of man, and of self. Every individual has a future, and every one strives for happiness. Spiritualism points out both—how, when and where to be attained, and those who fail in seeing it have none but themselves to blame.

Prophecy is no more a chance delineation or guess-work, but a practical institution, and developed in the practice of spiritism or spirit intercourse. Of course, like all other arts and sciences, this needs unfoldment too, and the most energetic leads the way, or reaches perfection the soonest. Psychometry this gift is termed, and all who practice purity can not remain behind. It leads to mental reading, man's intentions are betrayed, and no deception can be tried on him who has it firm. 'Tis valued more by him who has it than all the gold of earth can compensate, and once it has begun to show its powers, no other earthly happiness can take its place within. Life takes another hue, and all that once dark seems bright and without depth. Causation is perceived in all that comes before, for spiritual sight now acts, where once was but the eye. The soul now takes the lead and penetrates effects, and intuition guides where reason often fails. Such is the light unborn to those who dwell without, but once within its folds, truth dawns with mighty force, and all who follow this will find the goal of bliss that's filled with happiness!

Such is Spiritualism, and those who can not find spiritual or soul comfort through any other source will find it here; and those whom books can give no further light will obtain it at this port. Spiritualism is a cause, a part of the original cause of life, and as such is an epitome of the universe, and contains a microcosm of all that exists. Spiritualism is the gateway of light, of absolute truth, and leads to true contentment, for in it man sees a reflection of himself, and to know self is to know God. God is love by virtue of being a condition which constantly gives, imparts and bestows, and in following out this principle man reaches the love condition himself—this being harmony with the universe of life, or "one with God," so-called. To become one with God is to reach a soul condition which is positive to matter or superior in potency of action over that of his material nature. Such constitutes true happiness, and is attained through mental or moral activity, i. e., the acquisition of knowledge or overcoming one's animal and worldly propensities, weaknesses and passions, and which, when allayed, constitutes the aim of life or spiritual perfection, so-called. This gives peace of soul, the much desired condition of the inner self, and constitutes a harmony with causation or the law of life. The opposite keeps man in rapport with material nature, and thus the disturbed or restless condition experienced before having reached the positive state or overcoming his animal nature. After this, light comes unsolicited, for a rapport with divine nature or God, opens the soul to the light of causation, whether universal or individual, and constitutes true inspiration. This not only lends man a comprehension of the universe and its effects, but of human nature and a comprehension of man in all its minutia. And to know man is to know the essence of life, for in him is concentrated all that there is of causation or first cause—this stilling all the desires of the human soul, and from which moment on he cares naught for the rest. All material life seems unimportant, being but a play of many parts, in which he sees more than the players do themselves, and he but now awaiting to be called away unto those realms where all is unity, peace, happiness and love! Such is the introduction, tendency and aim of Spiritualism.

WOMEN.—Let women stand where they may in the scale of improvement, their position decides that of the race. Are they cultivated?—so is society polished and enlightened. Are they ignorant?—so is it gross and insipid. Are they wise?—so is the human condition prosperous. Are they foolish?—so is it unstable and unpromising. Are they free?—so is the human character elevated. Are they enslaved?—so is the whole race degraded. Oh, that we could learn the advantage of just practice and consistent principles! that we could understand that every departure from principle, how speciously soever it may appear to administer to our selfish interests, invariably saps their very foundation! that we could learn that what is ruinous to some is injurious to all! and that whenever we establish our own pretensions upon the sacrificed rights of others, we do in fact impeach our own liberties, and lower ourselves in the scale of being!—Frances Wright.

A LITTLE Sunday School girl, whose lesson had been about the story of the fiery furnace, was telling her mother about it. "And, mamma," she said, "that naughty king heated an oven just as hot as he could get it, put three good men in, and they wouldn't cook a bit!"—Syracuse Herald.

THE Jewish Messenger says—and the statement is very suggestive: "It is useless to deny that the majority of our people, especially the young, are not attracted to our religious shrines, except on rare occasions." The young Israelites do not stick to the faith of their fathers. Neither do they become Christians. They cease to be religious. And the chief cause of their apostasy is that the young Jew has no Sabbath. He is for the most part surrounded by such associations as keep him from the synagogue on Saturday; and so he neglects religion and becomes an Infidel.—Family Treasury.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Your Loved Ones Call Back to You:

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"Amid the joys and beauties of Earth,
"lest you come, unprepared, before your
"time, an unwelcome visitor to the Spirit-
"World. Life purified and flesh made
"clean fit the soul for the delights that
"await you in the Better Land."

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Read the following Voluntary Testimonial from a gentleman well known throughout the Pacific Coast:

OFFICE OF COMMERCIAL INSURANCE CO.,
439 California St., SAN FRANCISCO, July 23, 1887.
CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL CO.—GENTLEMEN: In November last, I rode all night, in Shasta county, on the outside of the stage, in a very severe, frosty night, reaching Yuba about 7 A. M. I was completely chilled through, and the chill resulted in the inflammation of one eye, so severe that, in three days, an oculist decided that I was in imminent danger of losing the sight of one eye, and ultimately the other eye would follow, and I would become entirely blind. From one eye I could not see objects sufficiently distinct to recognize the faces of my friends. Local applications relieved the pain and retarded the loss of sight, but failed to effect a cure. After suffering several weeks, I formed my own opinion as to cause, and concluded it was a severe case of Catarrh. Seeing your advertisement of the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL, I called, received an application, purchased a "Smoke Ball," and in three days afterward, while applying the same, it removed a hard substance from my nose, as large as a hazel nut. Instant relief followed. My eye grew better from that time, and soon was "as good as new." I verily believe it saved my eye, and I know not how to sufficiently thank you. I kept the CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL with me now in traveling, and find it a great comfort when exposed to danger of catching cold, as it never fails to relieve me. Truly yours,
A. R. GUNNISON.

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You can test it FREE at the office of the

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652 Market Street, Corner Kearny St.,
San Francisco.

LIFE RENEWER!

Attention is respectfully drawn to the fact that Dr. Pierce's GALVANIC CHAIN BELT is one of the greatest of the age, and is being ENTIRELY renewed. The new belt contains many improvements over all other belts. It is the only one made in this country. It can be worn NEXT TO THE BODY. Guaranteed the most powerful, durable and perfect Chain Belt in the world, or money refunded. This new belt, and also Dr. Pierce's famous High Tension ELECTRO-MAGNETIC BELT, will positively cure Rheumatism, Debility, Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Weakness of the Sexual Organs, etc.

For full particulars of Dr. Pierce's GALVANIC CHAIN BELT, write for our new pamphlet No. 2, contains full particulars of Dr. Pierce's Belts. Write for it.

For full particulars of Dr. Pierce's GALVANIC CHAIN BELT, write for our new pamphlet No. 1, and Supplement of "SOLDIER FACTS," showing how our country is every State in the Union by Dr. Pierce's Patent Magnetic Elastic Truss. Address:

Magneto Elastic Truss Co.,
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Also for sale by J. H. WIDDER, Druggist, Corner of Third and Market Streets San Francisco.

Christmas.

Continued from First Page.

year. Publishers issue books for the holidays. The magazines and newspapers come enlarged and more richly laden. Artists and artisans are kept busy for months preparing what the people are sure to call for. Merchants lay in a heavier stock of goods, confident of abundant sales. The shops and stores are crowded, as at no other season of the year, with happy, eager purchasers of all classes, who spend freely and think little of the cost. And never before were there such a variety of things, and such beautiful things, and such accommodating prices.

Christmas has come to bless the million, but only those who lived a score or more years ago can fully realize the advantages of the present generation. When the men and women of to-day were children, especially those who are beginning to show the saddle-marks of time, they dreamed of holiday presents which were rarely realized. The resources at the command of the public were not equal to the occasion. The boy who was expected to rejoice over the gift of a pair of homemade mittens, a rough sled or kite his father had made, filled his day dreams with pictures of lilliputian engines, miniature machines, a box of little tools, or gloated over the possession of books of travel, sea voyages and wild adventures in which real boys played a part. The girl to whom an artificial flower was a rarity, a wax doll hardly to be thought of, arranged her bits of broken dishes in an improvised play-house, put her rag doll to sleep in a box nailed to rude rockers, and sang and dreamed of a beautiful little house in which gorgeously dressed dolls, that could open and shut their eyes and cry, or a nice little kitchen with real dishes, cooking utensils and a tiny stove with real fire in it.

Well, their pretty dreams have more than been realized. The creative spirit has entered with such fervor into nearly every branch of trade, and with such a plastic touch that things before unthought of have taken the pleasant shape of holiday presents. The beautiful spirit of giving adds grace and sentiment and poetry where all before was commonplace and prosaic. What if the Christmas dinner is not made so much of as formerly, and that roast turkey and cranberry sauce are not so intimately associated with happy, family reunions as thirty years ago? The Christmas trees are more abundant, the art of giving has become more expressive of good taste, and with the passing years the Christmas festival seems to be growing brighter with that unselfish spirit that seeks to make others happy.

Perhaps the most charming and beneficent feature of these recurring holidays is the warm blood they diffuse into the chilled veins of age. The world's anniversaries have always been kept alive by the young people; for let a roseate optimism say what it may, there are sore spots in the memory of the elderly folks that often cause them to turn away with indifference, oftentimes with aversion from everything that reminds them of the flight of time. Blessings on the festive day that keeps aglow in the heart the youthful consciousness, and causes the fat, old, bald-headed Fizzwigs of society to forget their money drawers, their aches and cares, their frosty manners, and laugh, romp, sing, creak their rusty joints in the dance, kiss the girls under the mistletoe, and declare they never felt younger in their lives. It may all seem very silly and ridiculous to the staid old deacon who looks on, but if he would clear away the snow and rime that has gathered about the heart, he would find hidden away there a jolly, young blade with his head full of sleigh-rides, spelling-schools, kissing-bees, candy-pulls in the bush, and who thought a dead more of a tight-fitting boot or a sleek beaver than of "Baxter's Saint's Rest" or "Hervey's Meditation among the Tombs."

It may be worth while for some of us to wake up the boy or girl within us, at least once a year, say about Christmas time, for if no breath of the halcyon days of the past stirs the weather-vane of age, it is lost, and there is no bright hope in the future for it. The fact is there is no one, perhaps, who regards the approach of age with serene satisfaction. All look upon it as a calamity they would gladly shun, could they only find the magical elixir that would keep the ugly shadow away. Youthful manhood, with its hot, racing blood, fresh, supple limbs, redundant energies and florid hopes; young womanhood, with its blush of health and beauty, rosy love and fragrant breath; that is a consciousness we all fondly cling to and sadly relinquish. Who likes to feel the ice melt into his veins and see the frost spangles gather in the hair? No matter how grand the temple of being, how lovely and rich the frescoed galleries of memory, how grand and thrilling the music of love and hope, ambition and fame, we had rather loiter a little while longer at the portal.

Our most attractive conception of a perfect life blossoms from youthful blood. A vision of youthful beauty and loveliness always comes before us when we think of the loved ones on the other side. Who expects to meet a father wasted and bent with years, or a mother care-worn and dim of sight? Think of a bald-headed angel or a toothless seraph! We hasten to put away the ugly thought as inconsistent with our philosophy of spirit life. Let us remember, then, that there is no age to the soul, that it was never

born, nor will ever die, that it is a part of God traveling through time with its gathering experience to its eternal home, and that wit, humor and song, all bright thoughts, happy moods, beneficent impulses and pure, holy aspiration tend to banish the chill and shadow that may come with the increasing years. If the Christmas cheer, New Year's greetings, and the joy of other festal days crack ever so little the ice on the river of time, letting in the air and sunlight of the sky, they should be gladly welcomed.

There are many reasons why Spiritualists may join with the rest of the religious world in giving a welcome to this festival of the church. We can appreciate the practical wisdom of the Christian fathers who grafted this bud upon a pagan tree. It shows the kinship of all religions, that they are clusters hanging on one common stem. Then no more appropriate period could have been chosen for the feast of the Nativity than that which was already observed as the birthday of the year, and the return of the sun along its bright path in the heavens. Is not Christianity fitly called the Sun of Righteousness, the dawn of a new divine light and grace among men. The pagan festival already had the background of the picture, and it only remained for the Christian teacher to fill out the foreground with a higher class of ideas and the object lesson of a grander life. The natural associations are all sweet and genial. The year is renewing itself. The days are growing longer at both ends. Nature has begun a new song, replete with hope and promise. Its awakening life will soon be felt pulsing in the opening buds, green leaves, odorous blossoms, all pointing to ripened fruit and headed grain, which the Autumn days may gather. The human heart is very impressible to the silent language of nature. The promise of life without stir a responsive thrill of life and joy within. The soul blooms again with fresh color and fragrance; it clothes itself in the sweet, fresh prophecy of the orchard, field and wood.

Then this day has come to indicate a more bright and cheerful shape of religion than has always held sway. Could you have seen the fair hands, all over the land, that have for days been engaged in weaving the floral decorations of the various churches, you would have beheld the bright and lovely picture of the new shape of religion in our day. These floral emblems we see in all places of worship, and in special profusion on Christmas and Easter, show that theology is passing into a more genial and tropical climate; that it is everywhere losing its harsh, granitic features, and religion seeks to lead men by the sweetness and reasonableness of its intrinsic worth and beauty, rather than by the veneration of tradition and the intimidation of authority. It seeks to lure, to attract by a display of the lovable qualities of God, the beauty of virtue, and not by threat and terror. The air of cheerfulness that now fills most Christian homes, dispelling all gloom from the fire-side and altar, is a shape of religion that finds in flowers, leaves and music, its appropriate emblem and litany. Is it not pleasant to reflect that the stream of religious thought is growing more pure and peaceful as it flows; that it is no longer a turbulent, brawling mountain torrent roaring among grim, black crags, plunging into whirlpools, writhing and foaming in breakers, but has become a tranquil stream, flowing deep, wide and clear, through the land of the vine and olive, purple grape and yellow sheaf. Once the church was so poor in mental thought that it believed the best way to celebrate the birth of its Savior was to go out and throw stones at every passing Jew. Now it prefers to throw buds and blossoms. Here and there it may still pelt heretics with epithets and frowns, but this narrow and bigoted spirit only lingers as spots of snow on the north side of mountains, in the Summer, gradually diminishing and destined to melt and disappear.

Then it should be a matter of grateful recognition, by us all, that with each passing year the song of the angels, "On earth peace, good will toward men," is becoming better understood and more devoutly cherished. The fraternal feeling is as old as the soul, as old as the dawn of society. It may be seen vaguely feeling for the light in the most ancient literature of the race. But it was usually regarded as belonging to some clan or class and was shut up in secret lodges and esoteric societies, as a plant too tender for the common air. This sentiment Jesus came to expand, develop and glorify as the heritage of mankind in all ages, climes and languages. True, for a long time it was a feeble lamp shining in a night of gloom, when the church had no religion but fear, no argument but the fire and sword. But after a long struggle our wise men have at last reached the conclusion that the highest and brightest flower of culture was that which best sought to promote the well-being of all mankind. It has been suggested that the poetry and literature of modern times, compared with the literature of an earlier date, more than anything else indicates the growth of the fraternal feeling. That the passing away of the epic poem, which chiefly celebrated military and romantic heroism, was owing to the milder and more tender sentiments of the age. We all know that Burns, Wordsworth, Cowper, Thomson, Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier, sing of the wrongs, sorrows, and burdens of men, more than of the pomp and circumstance of war and the fame of warriors, and the strolling knights of chivalry. No one can look into literature and fail to see that

there has been a great change since Homer, Dante and Milton gave it shape. None of those great masters gave such warm tints and coloring to love, pity and charity as our own Longfellow and Whittier. Those old poems possessed sublimity and fancy. The modern poem abounds more in pathos and sympathy. The same thought is equally true of our fictitious literature. What a long distance from "Ivanhoe" to "Oliver Twist!" But there is something abroad among us that is grander and better than even this. The faith of our age shows itself in its works. The sentiment of humanity has come down from the clouds and taken shape in a multitude of fraternal orders, benevolent associations, charity schools, relief committees, and many other ways to cheer and bless the world. When the strong arm drops helpless, and women and children are wrapt in the solitude of grief and silence, then this tender plant puts forth its leaves and flowers, as if the season of human want, sickness, suffering and bereavement were its natural Spring-time.

The song of the angels has a still more pleasing significance. Did it ever occur to you that Christianity was born in a scene held by certain Judean shepherds with a company of bright representatives from the spirit world? That the first "Merry Christmas" that ever fell upon the listening ears of man came from angel voices? The learned world never tells telling how a falling apple in Lord Oglethorpe's orchard threw open the gates of the stellar universe to the gaze of Newton. That angel song threw wide open the avenues of communication with the unseen realm, and gave humanity a glimpse of the white porches of our Father's home. How the church ever came to get into mourning after the vision of angels at the Advent and Sepulcher, is one of the marvels of human thought. And yet we know it is a fact that for ages religion has blindly wept over a shrine of dust and wandered in somber garments about graveyards, hanging its hope of a future world and a personal immortality upon the chrysalis of a butterfly, the symbol of buds coming to blossom after the Winter days have gone. And there are still some preachers in their churches, who on this glad festal day, will tell the sorrowful hearts of their congregation that the angels who sang at the Advent and hovered around the Tomb nineteen centuries ago, flew away to heaven and ever since have forgotten the way back. Modern Spiritualism whispers a more consoling message, one that is spreading a new and glorious daybreak over the land. The angels still sing over every cradle, over every casket, in every household, and are even now mingling their Christmas greetings with your own happy salutations. Spiritualism cheers us with the knowledge that the evergreen and floral decorations of our homes and churches are more than emblems of a mute hope; that they are the crown of a glorious and triumphant rising of every soul at death from this earthly tabernacle to a world more real and beautiful than any spread upon these hills and plains, and before which all the magnificence of earth is the bauble of a moment.

SPIRIT WRITING.—Our handsome young friend, Dr. D. J. Stansbury, a graduate of the Eclectic Medical College of New York, is giving astonishing demonstrations on the Pacific Coast. When a pair of closed slates is brought, he barely touches them, and the spirit writing begins. Sometimes the slates are held on the head or shoulder of the visitor. At one of his seances at Oakland, it is said that he held the slates for thirty-five persons within two hours and obtained for each a slate full of writing in answers to questions placed between the slates. At a public seance in Santa Cruz, following a lecture, folded ballots were sent up by the audience and the answers were sometimes written on closed slates and sometimes by the doctor's hands. Dr. Stansbury has also succeeded in repeating the famous performance of Charles Foster—the names of spirits appearing on his arm in blood-red letters.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man.*

THE FALL OF MAN.—Not only is there no proof of the truth of the story, but there is demonstrative proof, springing out of our knowledge of the antiquity of the world and the origin and nature of man, of the precise contrary. If we are intelligent we no longer talk about the "fall of man." We talk rather of the rise of man. For, while there is no proof that he has ever fallen, there is a large amount of proof, amounting to practical demonstration, that he has been rising from the very beginning, and that he is rising still to-day. We turn the problem completely round in the light of our modern knowledge; and, instead of talking about the origin of evil, we talk about the origin of good,—not how did evil, as though it were a thing, come into the world, but how, out of the primeval condition of things, did it come to be that man was developed into a moral being. That is the way we treat the problem to-day.—*M. J. Savage.*

"CALL this a Young Man's Christian Association, indeed!" exclaimed the daughter of one of our hospitable citizens. "Why, just as I was preparing to find out if we were entertaining an angel unaware, he turned out to be married and the father of six children! No more of that kind of angel in mine, if you please!"

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Despair of Literature.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

"From out eternal silence do we come;
Into eternal silence do we go;
For there were not a time—and swift or slow
Must come again—when all this world's loud hum
Was naught to us, and shall again grow dumb
Through all eternity? Between two low,
Dark, stony portals with much empty show
Of tinkling brass and sounding life and drum,
The endless Caravan of life moves on—
Or whence or whither, to what destiny,
But He who dwells beyond the farthest dawn
Knows, yet reveals not, evermore, even He,
In silence wrapt, for all the thunder's roll,
Save for His deathless message to the soul!"

I hope the reader will peruse this at least twice and ponder it well. If it were only a gem thrown off in a flight of inspiration, with large poetic license, it would not be worth noticing. But it is a representative of much current literature, and will probably be read by a million of people in the December *Century*. Recently J. R. Lowell published a long poem of a similar import. It undoubtedly indicates the agnostic condition into which many of the brightest minds of the time have drifted. The creeds of Christendom but make the darkness more visible and irritating, because professing light where there is none. Science can not help them because it only deals with the transitory forms of material substances. If we turn to philosophy it begins and ends in darkness.

If we turn to religion we get no relief; it is a hindrance and an obstruction to the minds of the youths who are educated at the colleges under the influence of sectarians. Protestantism is afraid to recede, and powerless to advance. Religion is sending millions of dollars to indoctrinate savage peoples with creeds they can not understand, and which are not sincerely believed at home; while in every city in Christendom there is a fear of the children growing up to be hoodlums and criminals for lack of proper care and training.

If we look abroad there is not a throne in Europe but trembles at the insane mutterings of nihilists and anarchists. In our favored country, with plenty of good land to be had for the taking, the insatiable demands of labor give thoughtful men fearful forebodings of the future; while the rapid growing and strengthening of a well organized religion, whose history is crimson with the blood of its victims, who were too bright to believe their dogmas, and too good to be hypocrites, give fearful forebodings to those who have the strongest faith in evolutionary progress.

Politics is but a game where the offices are the prizes played for; and moral principle and the good of the dear people cuts a sorry figure. With inadequate coast defenses, stationary or floating, those who should be statesmen are worrying over the perilous accumulations of the surplus revenue.

In a city of nearly thirty thousand people, whose citizens have subscribed several hundred dollars a month to pay extra postal clerks, the mails can not be distributed for several days, and lines of men stretch out across the street anxiously waiting for hours for their letters, as in '49, because those at the head of the department are bound with fogymism or red tape.

Spiritualism proposes to show science some knowledge of the unseen forces which have so much to do with the affairs of men. It proposes to give to philosophy a broader basis of facts on which to exercise its logical acumen. It proposes to do something to purify politics by showing that there is something of far more value than temporary power or pelf. It proposes to elevate religion to be a conservator of the morals of the people, by showing that no tenet can be of any value that can not be demonstrated scientifically. It proposes to establish morality on a sound basis by demonstrating the consequences in the inevitable future life alike of a virtuous, a vicious, and a benevolent life.

If light does not come from this source from whence will it come? The hoary religions of antiquity have exercised their power long enough on mankind to show their inadequacy.

Slow has been our progress, much as we are hampered by the order of things rooted in the more imperfect developments of the past; have we any occasion to be discouraged? What is hidden will be revealed. What the future has in store will be brought to light and use. Indifferences can not check it, frauds can not hinder it, defection can not prevent it. Judas did not prevent the mission of Christianity from doing its work, nor Arnold stop the revolution from doing its work.

A CURIOUS INDICTMENT.—It is a singular fact that until within a few years (and I don't know but it is the custom yet to some extent,) the law has been mixed up with the gospel. Thus I read, not long ago, in a Southern paper that in Virginia, in the year 1861, a woman was indicted, tried, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for teaching a slave to read. The indictment reads as follows: "And the said —, not having the fear of God before her eyes, but moved and instigated thereto by the Devil, did teach a certain negro woman to read the Bible, to the great displeasure of Almighty God," etc.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought.

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer.*

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight.*

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate.*

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal.*

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly fitting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more encouraging idea of the mission and duties of mankind.—*San Benito Advance.*

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what they styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call.*

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved and uplifted, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian.*

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened into hours, and with a slight regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-known language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our homeliter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

NEW YEAR'S MUSINGS.

What a flood of memory fills both eye and heart with tears, as we listen to the fainting echoes of a dying year! For is it not "a time for memory and for tears?" Yet all the streams that flow come not from fountains of regret, but also those exquisite springs of tenderness are opened, which, too deep for words, find expression only in tears.

With what delicate touch do we draw aside the curtain of time and enter the sacred precinct of fondest memories—a precinct made lovely or hideous by the pictures we have hung upon its walls. From its long and silent storehouse what volumes of thought come teeming, as we remember the treasured faces long hidden from mortal view, and recall the tender caresses of a "vanished hand." It is well for all in those still faces no reproach is mirrored, nor any stings of remorse haunt us. But, however fair and lovely is pictured the eternal past, we may glean from it some hint and suggestion which may become "stepping stones" to higher things.

Let us then build from the ashes of old errors and weaknesses a determined effort to kindle anew a nobler manhood and womanhood; endeavor to more fully realize in our own lives our best and highest ideals, thus turning retrospection into a divine force.

Then let old and young, and the high and lowly, turn their prodigal feet "backward just for to-night," and though we may not be a child again in all its innocence and purity, we may waft a breath from its exultant spring, and from the sweet aroma gather one little bud of hope and aspiration, which shall blossom into fragrance of loving thoughts and deeds in the coming year.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

An expert and experienced official in an insane asylum is reported to have said that those institutions were filled with people who can not control their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who allows himself to be carried up or down the great current of emotions without self-control at the helm.

There is no lesson in life so important, so calculated to effect the weal and woe of a whole lifetime as that one lesson, to be master of self. Unnumbered lives have been stranded on the quicksands of ungoverned feeling.

There is a philosophy in it, too. The man who retains his self-poise under great vexations, creates for himself a force which connects him with a greater power of strength; while the man who foolishly loses his equilibrium, loses just so much of positive force to help him fight the battles of life.

The child should be taught self-discipline for its earliest lessons. The sooner in life this is learned the better for the child and the man. It can be taught in so many little ways. The necessity of a little self-denial inculcates the true principle, and if children were schooled from the first in right discipline, a world of difficulties would be avoided.

A noted physician once told the writer that no provocation whatsoever could make him angry. On inquiry we learned that in early life he had had a fearful temper, also a heart trouble, and by yielding to those paroxysms of rage he endangered his life. So he quietly resolved not to become his own executioner by allowing his angry passions ever to rise. He simply conquered the impulse of anger.—It was one of the Satans he put behind him.

Every passion belonging to the lower instincts can be mastered when man fully realizes that they carry death to the soul in their every impulse. Self-discipline and self-control is one of the fundamental factors in metaphysics. "Be master of thyself" is the metaphysician's precept, and the combined powers of darkness can not prevail against you.

As the spirit is its own queen or king, so the body must become subject to this masterful force, hence the power to overcome "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to;" and whatever and whoever helps man to a better understanding of himself, is a benefactor and benefactor to the race.

—Bro. F. E. Coote, a prominent and very intelligent Spiritualist from Australia, arrived here on Saturday last, and will tarry with us for several months.

A QUESTION OF EVIDENCE.

It is as yet one of the inexplicable features of all psychic phenomena that while some persons seldom fail to receive the most convincing evidence of spirit existence, whenever they seek for it through the proper channels, other persons, quite as earnest and honest, can get nothing satisfactory.

Two persons, for instance, equally honest, and both seeking for the truth, may attend a seance for form manifestation: One will see what he believes to be genuine materializations, while the other will behold only what appears to him to be a shadowy cheat.

How is this to be accounted for? Is it because one is a more or less careful investigator than the other? or more or less capable of discerning the truth? Not at all; for no matter how great the precaution, or power of discernment, in either case, it is quite as apt to lead, as has been often demonstrated, to a wrong conclusion as to a right one.

This fact should teach all the necessity of great caution in not forming a too hasty judgment; but rather to hold the mind open to further evidence, or at least until both sides of the question have been fully considered.

This question of evidence is one of the most difficult problems with which the mind of man has to deal. The wisdom of the law settles the question only by the consideration of numbers. It is not content to rely upon the conclusion of any one juror, however imbued with the spirit of justice his mind may be.

It is no doubt true that the state or condition of one's own mind has much to do in determining the truth of any doubtful question. It takes much less evidence to convince a juror with a bias in his mind of the guilt of the prisoner, than one without such bias.

So in the study of psychic phenomena: One who knows a certain phase of manifestation (materialization, for instance,) to be true, with one medium, is no doubt more ready to accept the truth of a similar phase with another, than one who believes it all to be dishonest jugglery. It would be difficult to convince the latter of the truth of form manifestation, with any amount of evidence. The more complete the resemblance to the mortal form, the more conclusive to him the evidence of deception. He may not be able to discover the mode of entrance or exit; but the fact of the presence of the form is conclusive to his mind of deception. Should the form vanish apparently through the floor, or a solid wall, then of course there must have been a trap-door, or a hole of some kind, to enable the confederate to disappear!

So it will be readily seen that there is but little use in attempting to force a fact of such a marvelous character as that of spirit materialization upon a mind not ready to receive it. It is really and largely not so much a question of evidence, or reason, as of receptivity. Hence, we reaffirm our conviction that the doors of the materializing seance should be closed to all except those whom the spirits themselves may choose to invite to be present.

THOSE WHO SEE.

The difference between the trained and untrained eye is as great as that between day and night. The one goes along life's road to its end, seeing nothing but the plain way and its landmarks; the other sees all the mysteries, wonders and beauties that enlure great minds, and finds in everything something to arouse inquiry, and to impart knowledge.

The physical world is grand in all its unfoldments, but it is changing ever, each hour reminding man he too is changing and passing away with all mundane things; that his embodiment here is but a temporary condition of the soul, which he will make much or little of, according to his knowledge of its destiny.

Since man is immortal, and grows by an understanding of those things that expand and develop his imperishable being, it is befitting that he should by every possible means, question the messengers that come "on wings of air," as to their state, their employment, the benefit of their earthly experience, their power over mortals, and their mission to earth.

The earth, not being man's permanent abiding place, the question that most concern man is, Whither is he drifting?—drifting, or, under the guidance of a sure destiny that will, or may, exalt to infinite possibilities and unending usefulness.

Travelers from foreign countries are interrogated with interest; but these visitors from the spheres are often regarded as emissaries from the Evil One, sent to gather souls for eternal punishment and misery. Human nature generally is inquisitive, and when we see the so-called invisibles,—spirits of departed great and good men and women,—come to us in the strongest lights, producing pictures between slates, and giving clear photographs of themselves, several upon one card, it is not strange we forget to call them demons, but bless them in our hearts for coming. Then the sweet little children, in all the beauty

and innocence of a sinless world, how they make us long for a perfect glimpse of that fadeless garden to which their young lives were transplanted.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Since our last experiment, several weeks ago, in independent slate-writing, with the medium, Fred Evans, (with whom, during the last two years, we have had every opportunity that we could desire for studying this wonderful phase of spirit manifestation,) we have not been idle, as our readers know, in pursuing our researches in other departments of psychic phenomena. In the meantime we are pleased to note, that since the reorganization of Mr. Evans' spirit forces, by the introduction of a female, or negative element into his band, his powers have greatly increased.

A picture obtained by us, between closed slates, through his mediumship, about three months ago, was that of a young woman who gave the name of "Camelia," and of whom the guide stated that she had come to the medium's hand for the purpose of introducing a negative element, which would increase the power of the controlling spirit to overcome strong positive conditions in the presence of investigators. She promised at some future time to give us a history of her life, which we are now able to present, as written independently, between closed slates, on Thursday evening, Dec. 22d.

Bro. L. L. Whitlock, editor of *The Soul* magazine, of Boston, had written to us, requesting that we represent him in a seance with Mr. Evans. So, on the evening named, we called on this medium for that purpose, and also to have a little chat with his spirit manager, "Johnny Gray," and such other friends as might happen to be present. Now, we hadn't the slightest knowledge of Bro. Whitlock's spirit friends, except of some of those who are the common property of humanity. His kindred are wholly unknown to us, as we doubt not they are to Mr. Evans; and yet, under our own hands and eyes, upon two slates that we *know* were thoroughly clean, there were placed, in a few minutes' time, seventeen messages, in as many different styles of writing, one of which, of eleven lines, was written in eleven different colors. There was also one fine picture of a young Indian girl in colors, and two small pencil heads. Some of the messages are written so fine that they can be read only by the aid of a magnifier. We have forwarded the slates to Mr. Whitlock, and he will doubtless tell us in time whether or not the names of his kindred are correctly given.

The under surface of four other slates were written full, under the same test conditions,—two from Johnny Gray containing a private message to us, and two others—very large ones—containing the following message from "Camelia":

DEAR FRIEND OF THE EARTH:—By the request of spirit John Gray, and with the assistance of other kind spirits, I am enabled to give you a brief history of my life on earth, and my transition to the spirit world, also my attraction to this medium and his work.

My earthly name was Kleopatra. I was born in Rome in the year 1790. My parents were of a noble family, but through strange manifestations occurring in our family we were abandoned and forsaken by all our friends. The priest claimed that some member of our household was possessed of the Evil One, and if we could discover which was possessed and cast him outdoors, the rest of the family would be free from contamination. I was then seventeen years old. The priest suggested that I should leave the house, so that he could banish the supposed Evil One. But being frightened he abandoned that idea, and asked that we should again enter the house, and that I should sit near him, when suddenly the table that was between us came along side me, and many startling manifestations did occur that caused the priest to declare that I was possessed of the Evil One and should die. My father then, with fear and trembling, smote me on the head with a toul, (the spirit stated afterward, in answer to a question, that a "toul" was a kind of spiked club of small size.—Ed. G. G.) and my spirit left my body in 1807.

I have often visited many good spirits on earth since I left the body, and as I generally show myself to them as I appeared when on earth, I always come with a white camelia to hide the mark of the cruel blow my father struck me through ignorance of spiritual laws, for, as you will see by the above narrative, I was being used as a medium by some departed friend, when our priest charged me with being possessed with the Evil One.

I became interested in this medium's welfare when I found him giving public exhibitions before large critical audiences. I could see that certain elements were lacking to make the presentation of this phenomena a comparatively easy one. The medium only two guides, one two or three positive elements, whilst the committee picked to examine the modus operandi of the writing are always make positive of the most pronounced type, thus making a complete positive element to overcome. In one of your public meetings I determined to introduce a female or negative element, and you know well the results. The production of the writing was made easy and all by placing a negative between two positives. This caused me to come to the conclusion that I could become of great use to the medium and the cause he demonstrates by becoming the negative guide between the two positive guides, John Gray and Stanley St. Clair.

I will at an early date give you, in detail, the manner of the production of independent slate-writing, independent pictures, and other demonstrations that have occurred through this medium, Fred Evans, and which has interested you and so many readers of your paper. . . . We have been working spiritually with this medium to prepare him for work that will bring him prominently before the world. With kind regards to you and your partner in life, believe me to remain your friend, and one of the medium's guides, CAMELIA.

On spreading these six slates out upon the table we were struck with the large amount of writing and drawing that had been done in so short a time,—not exceeding twenty minutes,—and we expressed the wish that Johnny Gray would give us the number of words upon each slate. He did so without a moment's hesitation, naming the number upon each slate, and then giving the total as 1,582, and in less time than it has taken us to write this sentence. We afterwards counted the words upon two of these slates and found the number to correspond with that given by the spirit.

Can any one explain the system of computation whereby such marvelous results are obtained? It evidently shows a power of comprehension to which we mortals are strangers. Although there are a few instances on record—as in the case of the "Lightning Calculator," where similar powers have been manifested by mortals.

Truly the field opens and the vision broadens, as we explore the realm of spiritual things.

IRVING HALL.

This much frequented place of popular resort was beautifully decorated on Christmas Day with tall and handsome Christmas trees, choice festoons of evergreen and smilax, in addition to a profusion of lilies, chrysanthemums, and other real flowers, kindly presented by ladies from across the Bay. The music was of an elaborate character; that magnificent composition of Handel's, "Let the Bright Seraphim," was superbly sung by Mme. Fries-Bishop both morning and evening; cornet obligato was furnished by Mr. R. H. Whiting; Miss Beresford Joy sang a beautiful Christmas carol in the morning, and "O Thou that Tellest Glad Tidings to Zion," in the evening. Carols were sung by a full choir, assisted by orchestra.

W. J. Colville's inspirational addresses were fully in harmony with the spirit of the occasion and were greatly enjoyed by the large audiences in attendance. Tracing the history of Christmas to its ancient origin as a solar festival, the speaker alluded to the appropriateness of selecting Dec. 25th as the feast of the nativity of the world's redeemer. Whatever may be thought of Christmas celebrations by some radicals of iconoclastic tendency, we can surely most of us agree with Dickens that the blessed influences of this consecrated season have a tendency to convert even the miser into a philanthropist.

In distant lands and bygone days the festival of the New Year, and of the resurrection of Osiris, was celebrated at this time. In the Egyptian mysteries, Osiris, the sun god, died Dec. 21st, lay in the grave three whole days, and then rose triumphant to a glorious new birth Dec. 25th. This drama not only depicted astronomical occurrences, but pointed exteriorly to the sure and certain victory of life over death, truth over error, light over darkness, and while the dragon of the sky and all the wintry constellations were once considered evil, we can now see clearly enough into the wisdom religion of antiquity to agree with our far-off ancestors that not only do all things work together for good, but that everything is good; what we call evil is blessing in disguise.

Very touchingly the speaker alluded to the vacant places at the Christmas firesides of many, and spoke of the angels who can sing to-day, and the stars which now shine over the world fully as melodiously and radiantly as they ever chanted in days when Palestinian shepherds and Persian magi were led to discover the Christ in the lovely babe of Bethlehem. The inner truth in the gospel story points not to facts of actual history, but to deep spiritual truths connected with man's discovery of his own immortal nature. The child who makes the birth of Christ a thing of to-day, and not an event long gone by, is nearer the truth than they who simply commemorate an anniversary.

After speaking eloquently and pathetically of the needs of the poor, the suffering, the fallen, and the unhappy, and of the blessed saving and consoling ministry of love so characteristic of this season, the lecturer ended with a glowing eulogy of all methods designed to establish peace on all the earth through recognizing human rights at large, not those of any special class or nation, and of all tendencies now at work to convert instead of punish the unfortunate and seemingly evil. The Christmas dinners and amusements provided in all public places, and the abundant private charity bestowed, must all have a tendency, and that not a small one, to bring nearer the glorious day so long foretold when the whole earth will repeat with heart and voice and mind, in concert, "Peace on earth, good will to all mankind."

Liberal collections were taken for the poor, during which Mr. Whiting played effective cornet solos.

On Sunday next, Jan. 1st, 1888, New Year's services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subject of morning lecture, "How to insure a happy New Year," evening, "A Review of 1887, and a Prophecy for 1888."

DILIGENCE.

Vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of all else of value. We can never grow indifferent and easy in any undertaking without soon discovering that something is amiss or lost to us.

Natural inclinations are all toward rest and indolence; but outside of this is a power that lures man upward and onward and to exertion, that none can resist and be at peace with self.

Each one owes himself duties that no one else can perform with the same result. We feel this responsibility according to our spiritual unfoldment, and however our material circumstances may justify a life of leisure and aimlessness, it never harmonizes with our sense of future being, its regards, pleasures and pursuits.

We do not suppose it is possible for one to feel more worthless and insignificant than does the rich man or woman with no aim in life, and nothing definite to do. What they perhaps set out with diligence and faithful perseverance to win, they feel to be going from them with their years, because it is applied to no purpose—a means without an end. We can never afford to grow careless—never afford to let our talents, or one talent, lie in disuse, to rust and die. We must each be vigilant that we keep the little we have of mental store, lest it be taken from us and given to him who hath more.

This is both the written and the living law, and we must heed it unless we would come down to the evening of life with dissatisfaction and a painful sense of failure weighing upon the spirit.

A DENIAL.—Percy H. Clifton, whose name some uninformed writer saw fit to couple with that of Harry Wild, in an article lampooning spirit materialization, in last Sunday's *Examiner*, sends us a long article in reply, in which he severely handles our contemporary for copying the same without first ascertaining the truth in the matter. While we do not care to admit to our columns any of the harsh thoughts with which Mr. Clifton's article is charged, we are

pleased to give him the benefit of his denial of any connection with the person named. He says: "Though living under the same roof we are as distinctly and entirely apart as if located 'at the antipodes.' . . . We are in no ways 'connected, publicly or privately.'"

MRS. WHITNEY'S CHRISTMAS SEANCE.

Odd Fellows' Hall, Sunday evening, was not as crowded as usual, owing to the many festivals, church meetings and private parties in the city, yet the tests were equal to any heretofore given, and the audience pleased and delighted. The meeting was opened by singing, after which Mrs. Whitney, in a pretty little speech, explained the contents of an anonymous letter she had received which charged her with fraud in her public seances. The charges were so absurd and frivolous that the author, like all who are ashamed to append their signatures to what they write, showed himself destitute of common sense or honest convictions. He charged Mrs. Whitney with employing people to look up the tests she gives, or manufacture them, and the medium remembers all and gives them to the audience. One of the absurdities is that out of ten cents per head she could keep in her constant employ a number of confederates to do these absurd things. The balance of the charges are on an equality with the above, and unworthy of notice. She gave the author a gentle scolding.

The tests, as usual, were nearly all recognized and acknowledged. All who know Mrs. Whitney and her work in this city, give her credit for honesty and truthfulness in all her private and public seances. She will hold forth to-morrow evening (Sunday) at the same place. The independent voice was distinctly heard during the solo by Mrs. Miner, and is one of the studies of these meetings.

OBSTACLES.—These are what worry the world, or rather the people in it; and yet they are the making of human character, since without them there would be nothing to toil for, no success, no achievement, no greatness, no distinction, no character, for indolence of mind and body would put men on the same level. What we could possess simply by reaching forth our hand and take, would bring no pride or joy of ownership, as we should not have earned it. Competition, friction of mind upon mind, the pursuit of a purpose, the difficulties encountered and overcome, is what makes the difference between the character as well as its worth. Attainment is not so valuable as the effort its desire creates; but its possibility lures us on, and we grow in our pursuit, as the tree grows stronger by its buffetings with the stiff elements. Though we never reach the goal of our ambition here, the obstacles we remove as we journey along each day are recorded as a success in the daily record of our inner life, kept by those who witness our earnest and faithful endeavors in the great field of labor that a wise Providence has strewn with obstacles to test our worthiness as workers in His vineyard.

CHARITY-TIME.—The season is come when all give a thought to the poor, without stopping to discuss the cause of their being so, or whether poverty is inevitable, but just to the simple fact that the poor "we have always among us." While we always pity the poor, we have cause to be thankful that there are also always among us those possessed of means to be charitable and of hearts that prompt to generosity. Some see the direct working of cause and effect in riches and poverty, but if they are so related they would seem to be governed by laws beyond the power of man to control, as the two states are as old as man himself. The old earth presents inequalities, and her children seem to share them, as the landscape the lights and shadows. In the merry Christmas time all men are reminded that they are brothers, sharing alike the stores of the Father's house. So good will goes abroad with plenty for those whose most familiar word is "need." May the good angels hasten the day when this generous spirit that comes upon earth with the advent of Christmas, may stay and abide with men till the earth be no more.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE.—This evening, Saturday, Dec. 31st, a grand festival entertainment will take place in Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building, at 8 o'clock, under direction of Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks, the talented elocutionist, who will give several of his own delightful compositions, both serious and humorous. He will be assisted by an able corps of vocalists, instrumentalists and elocutionists. The tickets, twenty-five cents, can be obtained at the door. The proceeds are intended for the purchase of a fine piano for the College. At 10:45 P. M. a Watch Night service will be held, appropriate music will be rendered, and W. J. Colville will give an inspirational address appropriate to the occasion. When in Boston Mr. Colville's old year's service was invariably thronged and greatly appreciated. We can not think of a better method of seeing the old year out and the new year in, and doubt not the hall will be crowded at this interesting and profitable service.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.—But two more days from this writing (Thursday, Dec. 29th,) remain for the handing in of essays for Dr. Allyn's \$50 prizes. The total number received up to date is thirty-one, which will probably be increased to forty or more by Saturday night. The essays will be placed in the hands of the Committee on Monday next. The Committee will have until the 1st day of February to determine the award, and the prizes will be paid on that day. Of course the names of all unsuccessful competitors will be withheld from the public, and their essays held subject to their order.

—W. J. Colville's present course of lectures in Germania Hall, San Jose, terminates Wednesday, Jan. 4th, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. Class in Theosophy opens Jan. 11th at the same hours. Terms, \$2.50 for course, admitting for six Wednesdays, afternoon and evening.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mediumship.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The mass of mankind understand the delicacy of the conditions of mediumship, the acuteness with which the nervous system is strung, its keen susceptibility to pain, about as little as the ignorant boor understands the sensitiveness of the plate in the camera, or the subtle ways of electricity. To be a true and conscientious medium is to have the light of heaven shine in the heart, and to be also subject to times of utter darkness. A thousand influences are ever operating, and the medium receives all and trembles under their power. These may be good or evil, and resistance to the latter is exhaustive of vitality.

Mediumship presupposes an exceedingly sensitive condition, and the better the medium the higher this tension of susceptibility. In this exalted state, disagreeable objects, opposing words and antagonisms, which ordinarily would pass unnoticed, strike with bare hand the quivering nerves, and produce excruciating torture. The presence of a person or object may be sufficient to destroy the more ethereal influence of spirits, and leave the medium in an exhausted and deplorable condition. I know of nothing which will compare with the acute depression of the mind to which the medium is subject after such an experience.

It is true that while in the flood of inspiration he breathes an atmosphere of delight and lives in an ideal world. Earth and its cares sink from memory, and all is purity, exaltation and joy. When the inspiration departs, the rosy light fades from spiritual vision, and the mental eyes open to the cold, gray rays of earth life. How chill, sordidly selfish, poor and unprofitable then seems this existence! After the flood comes the ebb; the veritable Valley of Despond. When the immortals cease to inspire, it seems that they have departed forever. The medium feels alone, deserted and weak, and the depression may lead to serious physical disturbances, disease and death.

Recognizing these facts, the position of the medium is not enviable, unless the laws of mediumship are understood, and the medium protects himself against whatever is injurious and painful; even at best, such will arise and confront him, for even dearest friends, knowing nothing of the acuteness of his feelings, may unconsciously produce the very effect they seek to avoid.

Mediumship is a faculty common to mankind, and capable of cultivation. Now that we are just entering the vestibule of a true spiritual science, and are commencing to learn the principles of that science aright, we may hope for wonderful results. "Test conditions" may have value as a rude measure of safety applied to manifestations, but the understanding of the laws and conditions of mediumship will give greater safety from fraud and imposition than any "test conditions" can possibly furnish. When thoroughly understood, the latter will not be demanded. In fact, all mental manifestations must carry within themselves the evidence of their truthfulness or falsity. They must be judged by the internal evidence they give, for tests can not be imposed.

What may be called spontaneous manifestations, such as come unlooked for and unsought, are of more value than those which are expected. Spiritual phenomena depend on such evanescent and subtle conditions that they can not be predicted, and hence the public medium is placed in an embarrassing and dangerous position. The sittings are too frequent and prolonged, and the vital forces become depleted. The true manifestations cease, and the temptation to simulate them, under the pressure of exacting sitters and the desire to please, is at times inevitable. The medium sinks to a fraud, despicable as pitiable, or equally deplorable; this depleted state is taken advantage of by ignorant, fun-loving spirits, and the psychologized medium made the dupe of their follies.

This is the danger always threatening public mediums. They are compelled to hold seances too frequently, and this is the first wrong step. None should sit oftener than every other day, and better, but once in a week. Then the time should be fixed and made one of sweet communion.

We write this, not in disapproval of the public medium, or in opposition to the once hotly discussed question of pecuniary pay. They who devote their time should be rewarded. The point is this: The medium can not do justice to the cause or himself by overtaxing the subtle forces on which the phenomena depend, and when he does, these disastrous results are certain to follow.

The most convincing and desirable manifestations occurred in the presence of D. H. Dome, at quite long intervals, it is true, and he was never accused by bitterest foe of simulating. The facts stood bold and clear, and challenged refutation. Home held seances only when his friends made a demand he could not refuse, at lengthy intervals, and scorned to receive pay therefor. His gift was not marketable. Wonderful phenomena have transpired in the presence of Slade, such as the shadowy materialization of spirits which could not be denied, and yet Slade has been repeatedly caught in fraud and trickery. He was so sordid and eager for

gain, his habits so wantonly wasteful, that he sat for all comers who would pay his fee, and falling in the genuine, applied himself to the imitative.

The medium in this position, while guilty of a crime which no words of censure can adequately describe, is pitiable as well as despicable.

We do not object to paying mediums, but they should not nor can not hold seances frequently enough to make a support. They can not make, in other words, a business of mediumship, and hold it at its best. They can not admit every one at all times to their presence, because they have the silver ticket, without deterioration of their sensitive powers.

Spiritualists should look at home for their mediums. The home circle is the prayer meeting of Spiritualism. Few family circles, indeed, that have not one member possessing some phase of mediumship, which, if properly cultivated, would be of highest value, especially to the household.

If spirit friends return, whom would they prefer, of all others, to approach more than those dearest to them on earth? Where would they prefer to come, more than to the old, loved hearth, where kindred hearts beat in unison with their affection?

The professional medium has done good service as well as harm, but when Spiritualists would seek for a continuous stream of inspiration, a fountain to which they may go, with assurance of being met by their departed friends, they must cultivate the home circle, and find their mediums in their own families.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Life in the Beyond.

[Given by the spirit sister of Mrs. A. E. Barker, of Minneapolis, through a private medium at St. Paul, Minn.]

MY DEAR SISTER MIRIAM:—You have often wondered how I was received upon entering the spirit world, and I have intended to write you before, but there are so many here who are very anxious to send words of remembrance to loved ones in earth-life that I have stood one side, until now I am given the first place and opportunity to write. I am frequently with the bard controlling this medium, and rejoice that in this way I can reach you with words of comfort and encouragement. The thought of death and the grave always brings sadness and doubt to those in earth-life, and I am very glad that you know there is no death to the soul, nor is the grave an abiding place for anything except the mortal form.

When I arose from that last sleep of the mortal and came to consciousness, I had not passed away from the earth home, but realized that in some way I was released from the pain I had experienced. My first thought was to go out into the open air, and was surprised at the change that appeared to have taken place, for our lawn or yard was not the same as before I experienced this change, and I could but exclaim, "Oh, how beautiful it has become! Just look around and see how lovely everything is; even the flowers and grass sparkle with more brightness than before!"

Very soon many children of about my age came and greeted me, and led me into a long, long path, bordered with flowers so tall that they appeared, to my childish eyes, like trees. Every little way we came to some extra bright place and stopped to admire it, when some one would step out who seemed to know and love me, and it was just that way all along the path until I came to the end; it took me a long time to come to the end of this path for there was so much to see and be delighted with. I could not of course realize what it all meant, nor did I stop to question, but, like the child that I was, fully enjoyed it all. When I came to the end of that path, Auntie came to meet me and said: "Now, darling, I will take you to my home where you will be very happy, and have many beautiful things to see, and when you get tired of it all I will show you other things very beautiful."

Now, sister, this is how I met death; not very terrible, was it? All who live a pure life meet with just such happiness. For a long time I wandered from place to place as free as a bird, finding some new thing of beauty to admire and love. At times my arms would be so full that I could not hold any more, and then I would sit down and love, pet and kiss them as happily as though they were real living things.

How gladly would I take you to my home and embrace, long enough to fill you with strength and light, then with the promise that you would so live that I can some day keep you here in this world of beauty and happiness, I would let you go to fulfill your mission in earth-life and return to me in the spirit world.

With love I send this, for I know how anxious you are to know how "sister Julie" found the new life in heaven.

I am always your sister,
JULIA A. AMES.

"BRETHREN," said the good pastor of a suburban church last Sunday, after waiting five minutes for late comers to take their seats before beginning his sermon, "there are three things this congregation needs:—First, a spirit of deeper consecration to the cause of religion; second, more promptness in reaching the house of worship; third, a reliable and certain remedy for squeaking boots."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Unseen Worlds.

(A. B. Richmond in Religious-Philosophical Journal.)
 "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth. Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."
 —Milton.

There was a time in the history of our race when human knowledge was circumscribed by the narrow limits of human senses; all beyond was "terra incognita," an unknown land peopled by imagination with unseen forms, the gods and demons of mythology. Men knew nothing of the earth but what they could see, feel, taste and smell. Long, long aeons passed and science began to unfold her mysteries, and relate her wondrous secrets to man's developing intellect; his wants begat invention, and invention created devices which reached far beyond the boundaries of his former world, opening the heretofore unseeing vision.

For age on age, whose numbers are far beyond computation, the stars had dropped their rays of golden light upon the sunless earth, and yet the mysteries of their forms and movements had defied man's limited vision and aching eyes. When the spirit of Invention said to him, "Let us make an eye." "Make an eye?" said man. Why the thought was almost sacrilegious, and the words blasphemy. "Yes," said Invention, "we will make an eye that shall be tearless and tireless, an eye that shall be undimmed by age, unaffected by disease, and untouched by decay." Then Invention took some pieces of crystal and with them formed an eye and gave it to man and told him to look about him; and when he turned his gaze upwards, he saw that all those gems in heaven's blue coronet were either worlds similar to ours, or suns, the centers of systems, each with its retinue of satellites revolving around it. "Art thou astonished?" said Invention. Then the spirit "pointed to a drop of water pendant from a blade of grass just dipped in a pool by the Summer wind."

"What seest thou there?" he inquired.

"Why," said man, "it is a drop of water, and is formed of the mist that but yesterday was floating in the sunbeam."

Then the geni of Invention again took some pieces of crystal, and after he had fashioned and arranged them with cunning art, he said to man: "Here is another eye I have made, and to thee it shall be an 'open sesame' to the beauties and wonders of an unseen world." And when man looked, behold the drop of water was transformed into a world in miniature, teeming with life, in which thousands of perfectly formed animated beings roamed in unconfined freedom, lived and loved, propagated their species and died, and enjoyed their little lives that spanned but an hour or a day, with as much pleasure as any of the larger animals.

On every bush, on every tree, on every flower, is a world unseen by man's unaided senses. Impalpable forms float around us on every side; intangible beings sport in the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat; all are material; all are composed of chemical elements, as real and substantial to themselves as we are one to another, yet as invisible to us as are spirit forms, or the world of attenuated matter in which they live.

It is both illogical and unscientific to assert that because we do not see or feel matter in all its unknown combinations and organizations, that such do not exist. Science does not yet know to what extent matter may become attenuated, or what diversified forms it may then assume under the laws that govern it.

In the process of attenuation we commence with platinum, the heaviest of known elements, and descend through a series constantly diminishing in density until we arrive at hydrogen gas, the lightest of known substances, a cubic foot of which weighs only two and a quarter grains. Here science is compelled to pause for want of more delicate instruments of observation. But is it possible that the process of attenuation stops at precisely the point where man for lack of more perfect means of investigation can, as yet, go no farther? Surely not; and the logic of science asserts that the process of attenuation may go on until matter will be found to exist in a form as much more attenuated than hydrogen gas, as it is than platinum; and if it so exists, who can tell what beautiful forms it may assume, which, although intangible to us, may be perfectly fitted by creative power for spirit life and happiness. Within easy reach of the reflective mind is a conception of a spirit world composed of matter as tangible and real to spirit life as is our world to us, and yet as ethereal to us as is the palace of Drake's "Sylphide green," whose—

"Spiral columns, gleaming bright,
 Were streamers of the northern light;
 Its curtains light and lovely flush;
 Was of the morning's rosy blush;
 And the ceiling fair the rose above
 The white and feathery fleece of noon."

If investigation has revealed to us multitudes of unseen worlds unknown to man before the invention of the microscope, why may not further researches discover other unknown realms of life and intelligence? The Bible does not assert the existence of animalcules, as it does that of spirit life, yet science has discovered them, and the worlds in which they live; it has told us their habits and minutely described their internal organs; and if

we knew from the pages of Holy Writ that there is a spirit existence, we have only to inquire, Where is the theater of its action? We have only to learn the locality of its world, and the laws that govern it, a task apparently much more easily accomplished than a search after a life not known to exist. What the sense and the mirror were to the discovery of the unseen worlds above and around us, so may spiritual phenomena be to a life beyond the grave. Then, indeed, will the millennium have come. Then will demonstrated truth take the place of hope and faith. Then will death be disarmed in the very hour of his victory. The grave will no longer be looked upon as the end of man, but as the cradle of his infancy, and as the certainty of immortality will be known to all, so all will strive to live in such manner as to meet its requirements for future happiness. This is the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Given through the scribe of the Order, Mrs. E. S. Fox, by spirit Saldie, leader of the Oriental band in the heavens.)

Children of the Order of Light, Saldie is pleased with the efforts put forth by those who compose the earth expression of our Order. Back into the ages many are peering for footprints left in the sands of time by their own feet. Back through the ages it is well at times to peer that you may find food for thought, may be led to understand more and more the deep significance of the truths sent out from time to time by the wisdom fathers and mothers of your planet. That you may see the certain workings of the law of cause and effect by which all things are governed, and controlled. Saldie has not come in your midst to tell you life goes on after the body is given back to its elements, nor that your loved ones return to your side after they have passed from your sight. These things were a demonstrated fact ere the earth expression of the heaven born Order of Light was established on your shores. She has worked to bring to humanity a better knowledge of a higher life, to give that for which hungry and thirsty humanity longs—the bread of life and wine of the kingdom. The higher spheres have sent earthward their delegates whose voices will not be silent in your land until right and justice reign triumphant. Saldie has called for planets to come earthward, and they have nobly responded, coming with a soul-felt power and purpose which naught can overthrow.

Silent and sweet, their power is even breathed forth in your atmosphere; like a baptism of dew, it falls upon the thirsty soil of many hearts, and like the dew, refreshes and revives the weary souls who have been sating, striving to gain they knew not what for years. Fed upon such humanity has been, until weary hearts are filled with longings unsatisfied, eyes filled with weeping, that life should be so devoid of meaning, so seemingly useless. For if, after all toil, all trial and discouragement, all battling with seeming evil, we have no mission but to live, struggle on to the end, then enter a sphere but little remote from the material, and then only return to help some of those left behind. So to plod along through existence, where is then the great end and aim of life?

Saldie says with pitying heart to earth-bound ones: "Release yourselves from the thralldom in which ye have too long bound yourselves, and go forth as messengers of higher truths to lowly hearts." Spirits are bound with chains ignorance has forged, and no power but that of the human will is able to break them. Spirits from the other side of life hold fast, and are so held by mortals when both should awake to higher truths. Progress must be recorded daily by each and every one. The records of the past tell all sufficiently the meager teachings and ideas of the past. Guardians wait the unfoldment of their own loved ones, wait the time when they will turn questioning thought toward them as they come earthward, bearing in their hands the life story written in earth and the spirit spheres. Many are seen hastening to the side of loved ones, but to be repelled again and again by the cold, critical look of those bound in material conditions. Many more are held within the dense mists which have been born and endure because of earth surroundings. Could Saldie break these chains she would willingly do so; but this rests with every soul. Would they be free to gain greater heights, they must first willingly break every link in the chain of ignorance, must willingly learn wisdom's laws to obey. Saldie may tell you of things far beyond what you have come to the knowledge of earth's children, and while you are content to receive the crumbs you will never take your place at the Father's table and partake of its bountiful provision. Saldie has said these truths which came were well; they have done their work and passed away. There are others hungry and thirsty for the higher truths, and these are being fed.

Every child within the Order is bidden to a feast, and through them others are bidden. Many come; others will come, but Saldie has another call to make. Some of the children she loves and guards are yet content with the meager teachings of the past; they seek there to satisfy their soul's desire. Again and again is the band merely asked to guide in worldly

matters alone. Saldie would do this, but would through your own unfoldment. She would impart to each soul that knowledge which alone can lead along in the path of progress every human soul. Saldie means the unfolding of the inner man, his intuitions and perceptions; in short, would attune every life string in harmony with the higher heavens; would ask each child to seek the inner harmonies, cultivate the higher aspirations, then will you be led, guided and guarded by higher powers, who reign in the land of light.

This attainment must be yours, each one, ere you reach the higher heavens. Be guided by love and wisdom, yet seek to so unfold the divine nature implanted within, that you can be a law unto yourselves. Seek to become masterful, by being master over lesser good. Not by being able to do wonderful things through the magnetic or medial power you may hold, but seek to be free from all fetters, that your immortal nature may be perfect, and so be master. Superior to matter, a law unto matter is only gained to one's self through conflict with matter. Battling with lesser good, we can gain victories uncounted, which in and of themselves are triumphs we, too, may chant in the world of light. You, perhaps, envy us who are your guides. We have earned the position we claim as our own through just such conflict, just such experiences as are now giving to you your lessons of true wisdom.

Saldie has walked earth fields, and entered spirit homes after the pilgrimage was given. Many times her mortal feet have grown weary, brain and heart been tired, till fainting by the way, she would gladly have laid down life's burthens, but it could not be so. She has again and again taken them up, and traveled yet patiently on until the very end of mortal life. Then have come seasons of rest and peace, when with the loved she was again reunited in the land of life and love. Her experiences have borne a resemblance to that of her children in many ways, and from them she gleams comfort to offer to you, her struggling children. She bids you be of good cheer, patiently bide along life's highway until the goal be reached. There a Father's love will bless your heart, and from thence you can roam the fields of the Infinite, and explore the wonders of the universe.

There are joys that well repay all toil and sacrifice; there are fields Saldie will explore when her children are gathered home. Our children, delay not into paths which lead farther and farther into the wilderness, not of sin, but of undevelopment, where progress marks not your steps, and from whence you must retrace wanderings, and again find earthward paths. Many of Saldie's children are walking ways of light. They cheer Saldie's heart and make it glad. A few are yet waiting outside in the darkness of the past. To them Saldie sends these words with the love she bears for them. Look high for truth and light; return to the lighted way, and all is well. To the workers Saldie turns with a happy heart. Many are doing her will and Saldie is well pleased. In Ohio, she meets with you, and will send to you words as you need. Bear aloft your banner, keep it pure, and Saldie's blessing is yours. All over the land her messengers are sent, bearing good tidings to each faithful one. Persevere in the right, lift the banner aloft, and may peace abide with you ever.

SALDIE.
 J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.
 Oswego, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1887.

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